

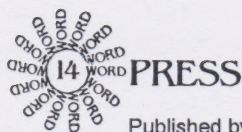
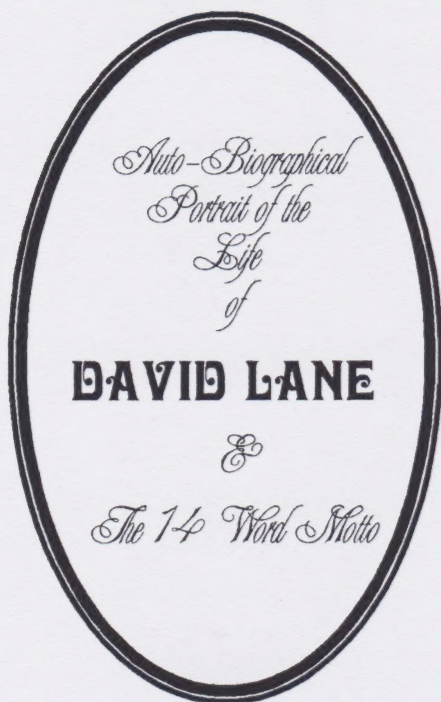
*Auto-Biographical
Portrait of the
Life
of*

DAVID LANE

&

The 14 Word Motto





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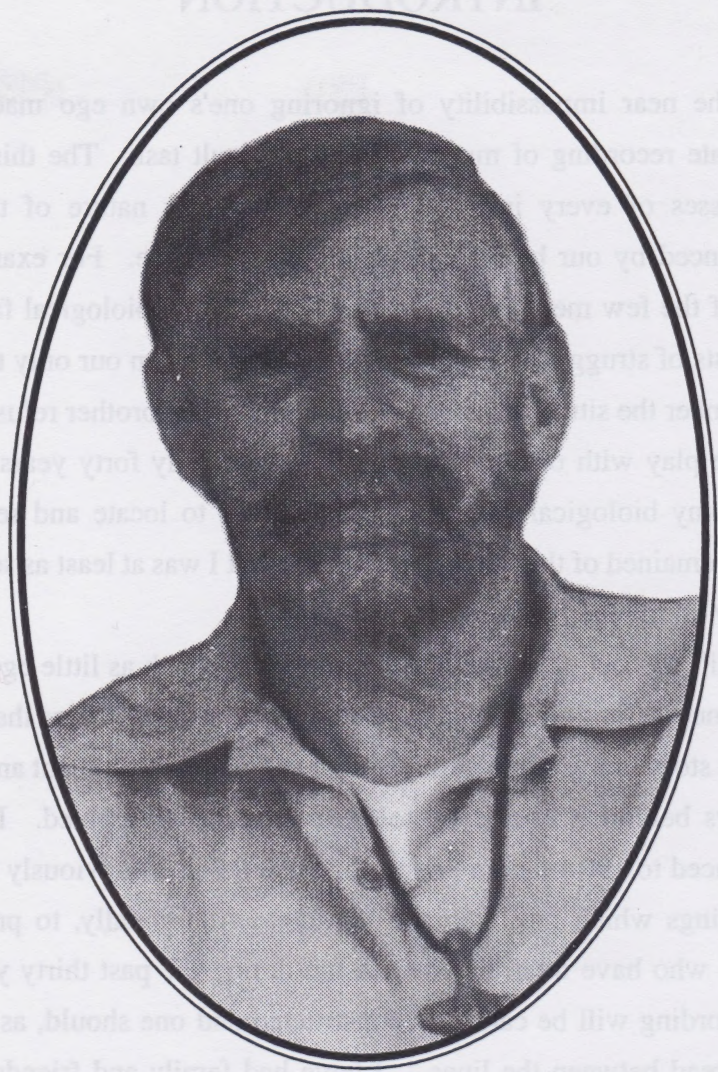
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INTRODUCTION

The near impossibility of ignoring one's own ego made an accurate recording of my own life a difficult task. The thinking processes of every individual are in the very nature of things influenced by our biological and egoistic essence. For example, one of the few memories I have of life with my biological family consists of struggle over what appears to have been our only toy. I remember the situation as one in which my older brother refused to let me play with our toy train. However, nearly forty years later when my biological sister was finally able to locate and reunite what remained of the family, she related that I was at least as selfish as any child tends to be.

Still, I will do my best to relate this story with as little egoistic influence as is possible. The reader should, also, know that the whole story of my battle with the United States Government and the powers behind it cannot be told, or must be obfuscated. I was sentenced to 190 years in prison for not talking, so obviously there are things which must remain untold. Additionally, to protect others who have interrelated with me during the past thirty years, my wording will be carefully constructed and one should, as they say, "read between the lines." I have had family and friends die, either provably at the hands of the Federal Government or in suspicious ways that benefitted my enemy. So, if it seems that I am not totally open, there are good reasons. The spirit of this autobiography, my emotions and motivations, are absolute truth as best as I can relate.

David Lane



DAVID LANE

High Security Federal Penitentiary

Florence, Colorado, USA

1994

Chapter One

Biological Family

My own memories of life with my biological family are very limited. Practically all I know was related to me many years later by an older sister who spent much of her life in a determined effort to reunite her family. Apparently, a county courthouse had burned down containing records. An orphanage had suffered the same fate. And state records were sealed. At any rate, my sister after some legal shenanigans was able to locate three other siblings and our mother in 1979. It is from her research that I am able to tell of early events in my life.

My father, at least of record, seems to have been a drunk, a scoundrel and a low-life of the worst kind. He met and married my mother about 1934. He was an itinerant farm worker about 30 years old and she was an uneducated fifteen year old farm girl. In the next few years they had four children, my older brother, Roger, who was two years my senior, my older sister, Jane, who is one year older than I, and a younger sister, Judy. I was born on my mother's

birthday. The date was November 2nd of 1938, a Wednesday, and my place of birth was Woden, Iowa. Thus, I use the pen name Wodensson.

My father, particularly when drunk, was a truly despicable creature. He sold my mother to his buddies and to strangers for booze money. He beat the entire family, often with a razor strap. In 1942 the family was living in a room over a hardware store in Woden. With no wood for the stove which provided the only heat during cold northern Iowa winters, my brother Roger started a fire in the stove with available materials, including the razor strap. For this my father beat him so badly that he broke Roger's eardrums and he was deaf for the rest of his life. For this reason he was never adopted from the orphanage where we all ended up. He lived a tragic life. Still he grew up to be a kind and caring man, the total opposite of our father. I became very fond of Roger after our reunion, as did our sister Jane. Roger was blown up and killed in a supposed accident during the trial of the Brüder Schweigen in Seattle after I had been warned by the Feds to "cooperate or else." Witnesses place Feds at the scene, but whether it was really an accident I doubt we shall ever know.

My only memory of my mother is as a tall, severe woman who never smiled. I now know that she in fact was very short, but to a four year old all adults must seem tall. My father left his family about 1942. My mother tried to support us during these hard waning years of the depression by singing and playing guitar in a bar. But her income was nowhere near sufficient. What else she was forced to do, I do not know and do not want to know. After my

father left he found another young girl to mistreat, and finally a brother of the new victim smashed his head in with a hammer, and Geerd went to wherever trash goes after death.

In the Spring of 1943, my brother was caught rummaging in a neighbor's trash can for potato peels with which he was supplying our family with food. This led to an investigation by county authorities and we children were placed in an orphanage. My mother traveled to California where she found work building Liberty ships for the great war to destroy the liberty of all men everywhere. But, of course, she had no knowledge of politics and like so many others of that era was just trying to survive. Eventually, she purchased a small home in Vallejo, California. But, first high taxes then colored gangs combined to drive her out. Today, she lives in a public housing project where it is dangerous to step outside the door.

My sister Jane is a dear lady who reared four children of her own. She now has health problems and I believe uses a wheelchair. She lives in Minnesota and has for most of her life. After she found me I told her much of the political realities of the world. For awhile she worked as a secretary at the Aryan Nations church in Idaho, but she is no longer involved in politics of any kind.

My younger sister, Judy, is a sad tale on which I do not wish to dwell. She was raised to believe in the multi-racial nightmare of judeo-america and judeo-christianity.

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Chapter Two

Childhood

In 1943 I was adopted out of the orphanage through a Lutheran adoption agency. My new father was a doctrinaire, fundamentalist Lutheran minister from the old school. He had a personality which practically no one could bear, so he was unable to "serve" any church for a period of time. Nonetheless, he was determined that being a "preacher" was his calling and he wandered the country from church to church. My new mother was, and is an enigma. Both my new parents claim Danish extraction and in fact spoke Danish. My new mother was a gracious and extremely intelligent woman. To this day I cannot fathom how she could abandon her own talents and ego to traipse about the country with someone I considered an obnoxious buffoon. But whatever their differences in intelligence or personality, and whatever their racial extraction, there is little doubt they were totally dedicated to the rigid form of

Lutheran Christianity they followed. I was soon subjected to endless hours of services, of devotions, of vespers and matins, of prayers and bible studies, all of which I despised from the first moment. Jesus represented never ending hours of pure boredom. And there I find the first evidence of my calling and my struggle. From my first memories I was attracted to the names of the old Gods such as Odin and Thor, whose names were spoken of as the vanquished.

When adopted my father was pastor of a church near Morehead, Iowa. It was a charming building which sat on top of a hill and its steeple dominated the countryside. We lived in a primitive parsonage at the bottom of the hill. I remember when my father invented a system to let water from the outdoor rain barrel into a second barrel under the sink. With a small hand pump my mother could have the closest thing to running water in the kitchen sink. Other memories are of a mean rooster named Doubting Thomas. Every month or so my father would have to dunk him in a rain barrel and nearly drown him to keep him from attacking my mother or me. It never worked for long. Doubting Thomas was what some would call an "unreconstructable mean S.O.B." I remember, also, our underground root cellar for food storage. There was a time we hid there while the garage containing a Buick and a hundred gallon gas barrel burned.

Most of all about the time in Morehead I remember Mary. My parents were determined that if I were to think about a girl, she must be a Lutheran. And for many years they were convinced the first love of my life was Rosalie, a little girl living nearby. But I had

been to the first grade at the little country school and there I saw Mary. A little Catholic angel with blond hair, blue eyes and charms beyond description. I was totally enchanted. Looking back I believe it was an indication of what would become my life's purpose. Those who know about me know that purpose to be: "That the beauty of the White Aryan woman must not perish from the earth."

I have had a strange relationship with the women of our race from the beginning, something that transcends the purely sexual. Mary was my first love and is an image that I have always carried.

While in Morehead my new parents adopted a second child. She was an infant girl. Years later they paid for her "education" in a Lutheran college from which she graduated to the Lutheran Inner City Missions. In a year she was shacking up with Negroes and once married one. It is a sad story for which I blame an alien religion and an evil country. It is a story too painful to discuss at length.

In 1944 the war to destroy the White race was in full swing and its tragic conclusion was inevitable. We moved to Clifton, Illinois where my father had secured another church. Of course my heart was soon filled with another little angel. Strangely, this one, too, was Catholic, Nancy by name. I was to find, also, that with each new school there were wars to be fought. The new boy had to fight, sometimes progressively up the ladder of ever older and tougher boys until he was either the total victor or defeated. For a skinny kid I became exceptionally tough and a bit of a loner. In Clifton my nemesis was named Robert Montgomery. We had some good

scraps before becoming buddies.

Spring of 1945. I can place the time because my uncle visited wearing his navy uniform which was discarded immediately after the war. One memory stands out clearly. When Robert and I played soldiers I always wanted to be the German and proudly chanted "Heil Hitler" and "Sieg Heil" while giving the so-called Nazi salute. My mother told me to stop and even gave me a spanking when I would not. She regaled me with stories of the evil Germans and how they mass murdered Jews. I rebelled. Undoubtedly, without the vocabulary of an adult but with the uncontaminated mind of a child, I argued that it was not true. To me it did not seem logical or possible that mass murder was carried out as described. Only years later in retrospect did it seem strange to me that this particular political argument was so important to a young child.

November 2nd, 1947. We were on the road from Illinois to Colorado; my father was in search of another church, or in the priestcraft terminology "a calling." As is the nature of a child all I remember is not getting a birthday present on the trip because there was supposedly no money. We ended up in Evergreen, Colorado for two years. The new love of my life was named Carol Ann Avery. I remember saving pennies for months and then finagling to get her name when the third or fourth grade class exchanged names to swap Christmas presents. I've often wondered how long that gold colored necklace lasted or if she knew how much it meant to me to give it to her.

In 1950 we were again on the road, this time in Texas, back I believe it was an indication of what would become my life's

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In 1950 we were again on the road, this time in Texas, searching for a "calling." No success, so we returned to Colorado to settle in what would become Aurora, which at that time had no more than a few thousand people and was almost all White. Many people did not even have locks on their doors. Of course, Fittsimmons Army Hospital and Lowry Air Force Base provided the method for racial

integration. Today old Aurora is all colored and no White person is safe. As I have pointed out before, nothing in politics happens by accident and the so-called cold war between Communism and Capitalism was never anything but a ruse to use America's racially integrated military to mix races in both Europe and America.

At age twelve or thirteen I overheard a conversation that now sickens me. A young man was bragging of his time as a soldier in America's occupational forces in Germany immediately after the second World War. He told of how he could "have" German girls for a little bit of food or clothing. These were White girls of a proud and ancient people, the defenders of our race against such as the Moors and the Mongols of Genghis Khan. And now they were reduced to selling their favors to barbarian raceless, cultureless, American swine.

In the mid-fifties I attended High School in Aurora, Colorado. Already though, I began to question the moral authority of the system. Although not clearly defined in my mind, I knew something was wrong. I was capable of achieving any grades desired but was not interested. As early as 1954 I remember teachers advocating the mixing of races into one brown mass. On a more personal level I became disenchanted with Capitalism, especially as it related to the sexes. As a poor boy I worked summers on farms, elsewhere during the school year. Meanwhile, the more privileged boys drove convertibles supplied by their parents, practiced sports to become the athletic stars, and got most of the pretty girls. It taught me a lot about human nature and female nature. While there are exceptions, women as a rule go with the

glitter, the money, the power and the security. We can see it today as our women desert their race wholesale in favor of wealthy Jews, non-White entertainers, affirmative action favorites, colored athletes, and on and on. Calling me "sexist" as well as "racist" will not change facts. Between my junior and senior years I earned five dollars a week plus room and board working on a farm. That Fall I purchased a 1939 Plymouth coupe of which I was quite proud. Though it was no competition for Bobby Moore's 1954 hardtop or Rich Jacquith's 1954 Pontiac convertible when it came to attracting girls. Don't get me wrong though. I met and romanced more than my share of pretty young ladies. I just want to point out that under the lauded Capitalism it is not the personal worth of a man that is regarded, but rather the depths of his pockets or of his parents pockets. When we had our own nations and a man acquired wealth through honest labor or from battle it was well and right for a woman to choose the most successful and even gage success by possessions. Under this system it is suicidal and destructive. It only points out again the need for a total revolution, political, economic and spiritual.

Chapter Three

Awakening

A year or two after High School I went to work for the local power company and became an electrical trouble shooter. A year after that I married Mary Lou, who had been the head majorette with the Aurora High School marching band. Having little in common except that hopefully I was a good lover and she had legs that would raise long-dead monks from forgotten graves, the marriage soon dissolved. Still, in my own way I will always cherish Mary Lou. In fact, I still care deeply for all the ladies I have shared times with over the years.

In the early sixties I first became aware of how corrupt America had become. Cover-ups in the Kennedy assassination and the Vietnam affair made it apparent that powers alien to America's claimed role were running things. Sealing records in the Kennedy case, for example, are to me sufficient proof of something fishy. In a truly free society the government does not conceal anything from the people. At this time I was introduced to the biggest bunch of

airheads and reality-deniers in history, the John Birch Society. They spent their time telling people that their great enemy was communism and that the real powers behind communism were the "liberals" and the "liberal media" controlled by some ethereal "eastern establishment" in New York, therefore, we must be prepared to bomb Russia. And that is barely the beginning of their nuttiness. One thing of benefit did come from my association with this bunch of whackos. It became apparent that the American media are the real power in this country and that it is anything but free. Some cohesive and coordinated group was self-evidently controlling the media and using them to elect, control and destroy politicians or nations at will. The voting processes and polls in a democracy were obviously only a gage of the effectiveness of the propaganda of the media. So when someone finally gave me a pamphlet detailing Jewish control of the media I only had to take the time to verify its truth in the library and elsewhere. From there everything fell into place, particularly the obvious anti-White bias which until then made no sense to me, since most jews appeared to be White.

By 1978 my research was essentially complete and the real problem was sharply delineated in my mind. The Western nations were ruled by a Zionist conspiracy. The economic, political and religious aspects of the conspiracy did not interest me and still don't, except as they influence the truly vital matter. Since these systems can be destroyed and rebuilt, but the death of the White race will be eternal, and since the Zionist conspiracy above all things wants to exterminate the White Aryan race, I resolved that

my duty was to focus all attention on the vital issue.

I have since made it into a motto which I call "14 WORDS" : *We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children.* I still maintain there is no other issue for a sane White person today.

Unable to find an organization with the structure and aims necessary, and realizing that breaking the media curtain was the highest imperative, I designed a pamphlet called "The Death of the White Race." I set out on a campaign to distribute it to every home on the Colorado front range and in the Denver suburbs.

Needless to say this soon attracted the attention of Jewish groups and they began to use their power against me. By this time in my life I had secured a Real Estate Brokers license and had my own company. The Jewish media forced the Colorado Real Estate Commission to take away my Brokers license because I refused to sell homes to coloreds in White areas. As you can see, a White man is forced to commit Race Treason in order to be allowed to work in America. Rather than submit I got a job at a title insurance company which allowed me unrestricted access to a photo-copy machine. Each morning I would run off 500-1,000 copies of "The Death of the White Race" pamphlet. Lunch hours and evenings were spent stuffing books in libraries, bookstores and placing them under automobile windshield wipers. I had friends collect thousands of the free advertising newspapers from shopping centers. On Friday nights I would wrap the pamphlet around them with a rubber band. Then Saturday night they were delivered on people's lawns and driveways. I acquired maps of the suburbs and

surrounding towns and along with some comrades set out to deliver a pamphlet to every other house in Colorado.

So, in 1981 the Anti-Defamation League gave orders to a special unit of the Denver police to have an 'incident' and assassinate me. Fortunately, I spotted a helicopter circling overhead and managed to make it outside Denver city limits before the team swooped on me. Even more fortuitous was the arrival of two Aurora police on the scene at the exact moment of the event. So while they confiscated my literature (it was during literature distribution that they jumped me), I escaped alive. The media, however, used the event to crucify me and I never again secured worthwhile employment. In addition, my wife at the time was unable to handle the pressure and trouble began which led to divorce after twelve years of marriage. Nonetheless, I kept up the propaganda barrage until meeting Robert Jay Mathews in 1983 at an Aryan Nations conference.

Chapter Four

The Brüder Schweigen

When speaking of the Brüder Schweigen we must first and foremost always think of Bob Mathews. Only his combination of charisma, purity, courage, determination and motivation could have melded together such a diverse and headstrong group of men. When raising an army of volunteers one cannot give orders. So Bob led by exactly that method, "leading." He left a man of honor no choice. If on a Monday morning he said, "I'm going a'viking," he was about to load up his equivalent of a longboat, a Chevrolet, and one had to follow. On September 22, 1983 Bob invited eight other men or a total of nine to join him for a meeting in a building on his property near Metaline Falls, Washington. Ten chairs sat in a circle, the extra holding a portrait of a German Leader. A White baby was placed in the circle and the nine vowed to secure a future for that White child. While some of those who attended that meeting, myself included, could well say, 'had we not done so we would not now be spending our lives in prison under ridiculously

long sentences of up to several lifetimes', we could, also, perhaps say, 'had we not met Bob we would not be fulfilling some duty or destiny on behalf of our race'. Bob said himself at that time that he guessed he would last a year. He was killed by the Federal devils fourteen months later.

The Brüder Schweigen was composed primarily of men who had no criminal background and such proved to be a problem, for they knew little about police tactics. Those who deny that the methods of the Brüder Schweigen are now the only recourse if we are to save our kind are either cowards or fools. Only our tactics are legitimate topics for criticism. If we had it to do over, we would stay in much smaller autonomous units making it impossible for the enemy to destroy the entire organization when one man broke. Other tactical errors cannot be discussed for reasons of security. Additionally, our people as a whole must learn the revolutionary mentality, including ruthlessness.

The exploits of the Brüder Schweigen have been detailed elsewhere with varying degrees of accuracy, so I will not relate them here except to say that the words of books and media permitted by the Zionist Occupation Governments of this or any Western country are slanted and contain untruths. Someday, if we win this struggle, the whole truth will be made known. Until then, learn to read between the lines of the enemy media and our own. I will, however, relate my experiences with the injustice system as it will be enlightening for others who may someday experience the perjury circuses which the ZOG calls trials.

I was captured on March 31, 1985 in North Carolina where I

was planning further actions along with individuals whose names must remain classified. The Federals immediately had me thrown in a pod of nearly all blacks in the Winston-Salem jail and announced that I was a racist. However, some members of the jail staff were members of a clandestine southern group who responded to certain of my signs learned as a member of the invisible empire. They made it plain that harm to me would not be wise on the part of my cell partners. When it was clear to the Federals that I was not going to cooperate I was transferred to a Federal prison in Alabama and then to Boise, Idaho. In Boise I was taken to a mock arraignment on charges I never heard of again. At this mock arraignment I was assigned a defense lawyer who was in fact a United States attorney, or formly so. I hate to do this, but I would advise anyone in Federal custody to assume the lawyer assigned to him by the court is actually a Fed. In any case, the defense lawyers are in substance working for the Feds anyway, but some are less blatant. They are masters at making one believe they really do care about one's fate. I am of the opinion that virtually all lawyers are vermin of the worst kind.

Not securing my cooperation in Boise, I was transferred to the King County jail in Seattle. While the rest of the Brüdgers were in Tacoma or Everett jails, I was kept isolated in the nut tier. Much of the time I was the only White. They ran crazy, screaming blacks in to yell at me twenty four hours a day. They urinated in mop buckets of dirty water and threw them in my cell, then would not allow me out to clean up. By the time I was moved to Tacoma with the other Brüdgers several months later I was close to death. I suffered several

heart attacks over the next few years, probably from stress. At the Seattle trial I was so sick that at times my coughing disrupted the perjury circus.

Even at that I presented my so-called defense lawyer with a defense that I believe would have easily cleared me of all charges if he had the integrity or courage to use it. This included the use of a large map of the United States that could be used in his closing argument to prove the perjury of two of the three witnesses providing relevant testimony against me. The Fed attorneys pulled him aside and lectured him, and then he refused to present my defense. One hundred percent of all relevant testimony against me was Government created perjury and at least two thirds of it can be proved to be perjury by the trial transcripts. However, in a group trial, as is done by nefarious design, it is impossible to separate the defendants in the minds of the jury.

If your time in Federal court comes, it is imperative to know about the conspiracy laws. They are designed so there is no defense. The rules of evidence state that in conspiracy trials hearsay evidence in furtherance of the conspiracy is admissible, but hearsay not in furtherance of the conspiracy is not admissible. In other words, no defense is allowed. The way it works is this: The government blackmails, terrorizes or hires three degenerates to say you did it. Then under the rules of evidence the jury hears no other evidence. You may have told a hundred people you had nothing to do with the crime, as I did in the Berg killing, but that is not admissible. If you object, the judge will tell you that you will be chained and gagged or that you will watch your trial on TV from

another room.

The trial itself is more carefully orchestrated than a Shakespeare play. All evidence and testimony are decided in advance and the judge will tolerate no surprises. If there is any indication that effective defense evidence is forthcoming, the judge will immediately send the jury to another room while the details of the screwing you are getting are smoothed out. In addition, the judge is a highly skilled actor appearing firm but fair when the jury is in the courtroom, and becoming a tyrannical dictator the moment they are gone.

The prosecutors have absolutely no shame in fabricating perjury and false evidence or in the methods employed to gain perjured testimony. Even the FBI experts from the crime lab will lie about voice prints, about fingerprints, about ballistics or whatever the prosecutor wants. Why should it surprise you that federal devils who will burn alive a church full of women and children while cheering for the "Real Texas Barbeque" will present false evidence in court? It is time you joined the real world. The Feds can create voices, handwriting, trick photos, perjury or invented evidence, and they do. If they want to get rid of you they will. You might use that knowledge to judge the veracity of some who claim the Feds are out to get them. If so, they would be got!

The second trial subjected me to not double, but triple jeopardy in violation of constitutional protections (in case any deluded reader still thinks the constitution means something). In Seattle I was tried under the Rico Act. The jury was told they must find the defendant guilty of two or more of the predicate acts. The government then

carefully worded a bunch of charges. For example, the predicate acts may include: 1) He made a telephone call, 2) He purchased gas in Oregon. 3) He committed murder. The evidence is overwhelming that gas was purchased and a phone call made. So under the instructions of the judge the verdict is guilty. Then the judge sentences the defendant for the third predicate of murder. There simply is no defense. In Seattle I was charged with violating Alan Berg's civil rights as part of Rico and given 20 years. I was, also, charged with conspiracy to violate his civil rights and given another 20 years running consecutively. Such is clearly double jeopardy.

Two years later I was charged and tried in Denver Federal Court with conspiracy to violate Berg's civil rights, because he was a jew and had a job. By the addition of the words "he was a jew and had a job," it now became a new offense and therefore was not triple jeopardy, according to the Federals and the court.

By changing the wording in an indictment, by changes of jurisdiction and other equally insane reasoning they justify trying a person virtually as many times as they like and never does it become double jeopardy. The constitution does not exist in a Federal court.

Chapter Five

The Double Jeopardy Trial

I was indicted in 1987 for conspiracy to violate the civil right of a Jewish talk show host named Alan Berg. Mr. Berg had been a particularly vile, obnoxious and anti-White talk show personality on several Denver radio stations prior to his much deserved and little lamented departure from this mortal coil in June of 1984. At the time of his demise he was featured on the Rocky Mountain area's largest and most powerful radio station with the call letters KOA. He was rabidly jewish and had caused embarrassment among the chosen with outspoken commentary. After a trip to Israel he noted, "This time the Jews would either rule the world or blow it up." He had at one time been a lawyer for organized crime figures in Chicago, and his uncontrolled mouth was no doubt a source of worry to unsavory characters of all stripes. According to jailhouse scuttlebutt he, also, was involved with cocaine distribution and used cocaine to obtain the sexual favors of young girls. I have no way to verify the truth of the cocaine charges. At

any rate, Mr. Berg was not the type with whom a reflective person would want his daughter to associate, to put it mildly.

Someone, and we shall assume it was indeed Mr. Berg, (because his obnoxious, White-hating voice has not been heard since) was the recipient of a large quantity of .45 caliber hollow point bullets on a June evening in 1984. At least that is the testimony of the ballistics experts from the FBI. At the trial the prosecutors showed photographs of the body. It certainly appeared to be Mr. Berg and his death was assuredly not from natural causes.

The jewsmedia immediately began to speculate that "Neo-Nazis" or "Racists" were the perpetrators and bandied my name about. At the time I was living in Idaho and I promptly sent a letter to the Rocky Mountain News denying involvement and castigating them. I, also, told many people that I had no involvement. Of course, as I was to find out, under the ZOG rules of evidence only the government's perjured hearsay testimony is allowed in court. Within days after the assassination the Denver police came up with a witness that positively identified Gary Yarborough as being at the death scene just prior to the event. However, this first attempt at framing "Racists" failed when it was discovered that Gary was visiting his sick daughter in a Spokane hospital at that very moment.

Rather than getting into endless details that become simply a matter of my word against the government's perjury, I will discuss only a few essentials as can be proved from trial transcripts and other verifiable sources.

A Brüder Schweigen member who turned traitor told the FBI,

when first captured, that I was with him in Idaho at the time of the Berg killing. Under pressure from the Feds he later began to change his story. Finally at trial time, according to Mr. Rader, I had left Idaho the day before the assassination. Furthermore, in order to get a conviction for which there was no real evidence they had Mr. Rader implicate himself in the killing to the extent that he is liable from his own testimony to the death penalty under Colorado law. Despite this, after his testimony he was given \$100,000 and set free. Rader testified that he bought the gun that killed Berg, that he modified it to fully automatic and built a silencer for it, that he gave it to a hit team going to Denver to kill Berg. He testified that he knew of the target and could have stopped the killing, and that he welcomed the alleged team home afterwards. He further testified that the alleged team told him of their actions and that he helped conceal them from authorities. This is how the government creates its perjured testimony for their so-called trials under conspiracy laws. The Denver district attorney stated that there was no credible evidence to prosecute me or other Brüdners for the Berg homicide, but there is no defense against government-created perjury in a Federal court.

The only relevant evidence against me in the Berg case was provided by the perjured hearsay of three turncoats attempting to save their own skin. First was Denver Parmenter who testified that I told him I was involved. The fact is I never saw Parmenter at any time after Berg was killed and could not have said such a thing. But there was no way to prove this. However, the other witnesses against me are a different story. Their names are Kenneth Loff and

Thomas Martinez. When the FBI decided how to frame me they sent agents to the East coast to prepare Martinez, and sent others to the West coast to prepare Loff. To embellish the story the Feds had them relate how I arrived in my ancient yellow Volkswagon. Loff was to say that I had several thousand dollars in counterfeit money that I was going to deliver to Martinez, and that I had newspaper clippings of the Berg killing. Martinez was to say that I arrived in the yellow Volkswagon, supplied him with the counterfeit money and showed him the newspaper clippings. The agents, however, screwed up and had me arrive at Loff's house in the state of Washington on the West coast the same day I arrived at the Martinez house on the East coast. Each perjurer testified to this at grand juries and the obvious impossibility was on record. Naturally, if this information were properly presented to a jury it would blow the government's whole game to smithereens. My defense lawyers refused to use it as they could and should have. In Denver the chief district judge is a jew named Finesilver. The trial judge was a marrano jew and was Denver's bussing judge. I was appointed a bi-sexual, pervert jew named Bender as a defense attorney, and the prosecutor was a jew named Kowalski. I was tried for violating a jew's civil rights and the jew media covered up all that went on in the perjury circus.

The government's case was further hampered by the fact that at the exact time Loff and Martinez said I was confessing the Berg killing to them, I was actually at the home of a lady friend in Colby, Wisconsin. I had arrived there by bus. I asked my jew defense lawyer to subpoena her in order to destroy the perjury of the

government witnesses. He informed me that my lady friend had suffered a fatal accident shortly before the indictment was handed down. Again, I cannot prove the Feds were behind it, but how convenient.

Next I asked Bender to get copies of the bus ticket. He informed me that they were not sold by name. I said I knew that, but at each transfer point the stubs are torn off and kept; he said he would check. A few weeks later he told me that the building where the bus company housed their records had burned down. Again, how convenient.

I could continue almost forever with the Federal treachery, but let me finish with the Judas reward for the turncoats. Mr. Loff and Mr. Martinez each got \$100,000 for their testimony. I received an additional 150 years, for a total of 190 years in the Federal penitentiary with no parole possibility in my lifetime.

After the Berg trial in Denver I was taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas and along with 13 other men I was tried for "sedition." The indictment charged that we had conspired to violently overthrow the United States Government. By then, however, I had been through two trials in Federal Courts and not only knew how the perjury circuses were run, but that system appointed lawyers will not defend their clients. So I defended myself. The verdict of a jury in a Federal courtroom has absolutely nothing to do with justice since the so-called evidence is just part of a charade and the jury never hears the meat of the case. And a system lawyer is afraid to put the government on trial, so he will not attack the Federals' creative perjury as he could or should. I resolved to show the jury

exactly what "their" government is. Four other Brüder Schweigen, also, defended themselves and we totally destroyed the Government's case.

The trial, being held in the bible belt, I felt it propitious to point out "their" government's promotion and even enforcement of immorality under both biblical and natural law. During my closing argument as I pointed at the prosecutors, calling them representatives of perversion, the jury was visibly disgusted with the government lawyers. All 14 defendants were found not guilty.

Chapter Six

Prison

The Feds do most of their dirty work to their captives in selected county jails and at the Springfield Medical Facility. So, once a man is convicted and if he is sent to a Federal prison, life seems an improvement over other recent experiences. However, the Feds were still not finished with me. I spent most of the time between conviction in Seattle in 1985 and the indictment in 1987 in the infamous Marion Federal Penitentiary in Illinois. I was returned there for another year and a half after the Berg trial. Marion is a mental torture prison that must have been designed by mad jew psychiatrists. A victim is kept in lockdown an average of 23 hours a day. He is stripped searched constantly, including being forced to bend over and spread the cheeks of his buttocks. This is considered a form of sexual submission by the jewish Freudian mindset of prison psychiatrists. I told myself it was better that I moon them than the situation be reversed as part of the mental techniques to keep my sanity and remain defiant. The first morning

when the guard slid my food through the food slot he said, "Good morning." In politeness I answered in kind. The next morning when the food arrived I said, "Good morning" and the same guard replied, "What are you, some kind of smart ass?" I never again spoke to a Federal pigdog at Marion unless forced to do so under direct questioning. They are the exact kind of devils incarnate as the ones who burned women and children alive at Waco. Their existence is an insult to the Gods, a curse to mankind and a job unfinished.

After Marion I was transferred to Leavenworth for several years. Now I reside at the new high security federal prison complex in Florence, Colorado. It is not a pleasant life, particularly considering the racial make-up, and that my goal is to stop the American murder of the White race. But, it is a price easily paid in light of the importance of the struggle.

Among prison guards, like in all of society, there are good apples and bad apples. Not that they are not all my enemies and the enemies of our race, but some serve either out of ignorance or just for a job. The bad ones are always those who think they enhance their own stature by making life miserable for men in chains. Also, the ambitious ones will sell their own race and soul for personal advancement.

Chapter Seven

The Struggle Continues

Over the years of captivity which will soon number ten, I have continued to struggle in whatever ways have been available, mostly with my pen. Several themes I continue to try to instill in the minds of our folk. Chief among them is the idea that nature and nature's laws are the work of that creative intelligence that men call God. God's laws and nature's laws are one and the same. Nature's laws are a "bible" that men cannot invent, alter or otherwise pervert, and the highest law of nature is the preservation of one's own kind. I see this as the ultimate arbiter of the religious disputes that have for so many centuries divided our folk. Naturally, this has alienated many who come from fundamentalist Christian backgrounds. It seems to equally infuriate those who deny the existence of a higher power men call God. I believe our ancient enemy has always presented two sides, neither one correct, and prompted us to pursue an either/or conflict between the two. The truth lies elsewhere. Just as they convinced the patriots of both Russia and the Western

nations that the only options were political/economic systems called Communism and Capitalism. Both, of course, are anti-nature.

In recent years I have been studying the origin of all the major religions and have found them to be the creation of initiates into what some term "Hermetic Philosophy." This, also, led to research on the Hermetic coding hidden in the Bible and particularly the English language authorized King James Version. I am well aware that this has distressed some of my friends of Christian, agnostic, atheistic and pagan persuasions. In particular, some have been embarrassed for me because of my use of Hermetic number patterns that appear to match my birth, life and actions. And because I have used those patterns to give authority to my motto of 14 WORDS and to the 88 PRECEPTS. Be that as it may, the patterns are real, they were inserted by intelligent design, and I would be remiss in my duty if I did not use every weapon I can devise in pursuit of the 14 WORDS. Additionally, I hope to soon heal the rifts between Odinists and Identity folk by proving through the ancient science that both the original or Gnostic Christianity and Odinism have the same roots in the Mystery schools.

I have pondered the "battle of the sexes" at length over these years of incarceration. Particularly difficult was the irony. As a male mammal and true to the instincts thus derived, it was the hard reality that the beauty of our women may soon cease to exist on earth that drove me to this struggle. Any eloquence or determination I might have displayed was born of desperation and from emotions of love and lust present in all healthy males. Yet, for

nearly ten years not one unmarried, attractive woman on the entire planet visited me or pledged her love to me. When Black Panthers went to prison thousands of beautiful young White women pledged their love. Sitting in my cell I can observe May Britt (Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr.), Nicole Brown (Mrs. O.J. Simpson), Lisa Presley (Mrs. Michael Jackson) and the crème de la crème of our young White women across the country, by the millions, as they desert their race. It is a mockery of my love and struggle.

My beloved wife, Katja, a truly exceptional, beautiful and talented woman, along with her five extraordinary children are my family. They stand by me in my absence, ever devoted, doting and concerned. However, this does not dissolve a certain bitterness and great disillusionment regarding the images I fight to preserve. My opinion has solidified that the women of our race by and large will not return by verbal persuasion. As has been the case throughout most of recorded history, and who knows how many eons of time beyond, women will again have to become prizes, treasures and possessions. White men will have to reattach their balls, reacquire a barbarian spirit, arm themselves and seize women, territory, power and the needs of life, or the race will die.

Additionally, although it will stir controversy, I have come to believe that in certain cycles of a culture or civilization, polygamy is a preferable lifestyle. To name only two examples, (1) when through war the male population is decimated, then common sense and nature's laws demand that wombs be filled, or (2) in the abomination of a multi-racial society, if a White man of energy and ability can support many wives and thereby keeping White girls

from mating with racial aliens. Furthermore, since I fear the tyranny of religious and governmental oppression as much as anything on earth, I believe that the marital arrangements of the Folk should not be subject to regulation. The primary concern must be that men support and take responsibility for mates and offspring. I don't want to rush to judgement, but it appears that the whole women's liberation movement was flawed. Maybe eons of time in which males protected tribe and territory while women tended hearth and home have created differences in which women usually see individuals rather than the whole race or tribe. Whatever the reason, the decades since women were "liberated" have castrated our males and led us to the brink of extinction.

We cannot, however, absolve our men from blame. It was they, too, who swallowed the Zionist propaganda and it was they who abandoned defense of territorial imperatives that in turn led to the abyss.

I would like to recognize, thank and express my love for a few of the true, loyal Valkyrie like Babs, June, Kristina and others who must remain unnamed. They have proved to be the daughters of our noble ancestors.

I will continue to hope that the beauty of our women can be preserved. Of course, as long as I breathe I will continue to fight for a future for our children. So let me end this tome with one more repetition of the 14 WORDS which I hope will become the most sacred in history.

We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children.

Wodensson

David Lane

